

What Lady she her Lord. You'll stay?

Pol. No, Madame.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not verely.

Her. Verely?

You put me off with limber Vowes: but I, Though you would seek t'vnspere the Stars with Oaths, Should yet say, Sir, no going: Verely You shall not goe; a Ladyes Verely is As potent as a Lords. Will you goe yet? Force me to keepe you as a Prisoner, Not like a Guest: so you shall pay your Fees When you depart, and saue your Thanks. How say you? My Prisoner? or my Guest? by your dread Verely, One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your Guest then, Madame:

To be your Prisoner, should import offending; Which is for me, lesse easie to commit, Then you to punish.

Her. Not your Gaoler then, But your kind Hostesse. Come, Ile question you Of my Lords Tricks, and yours, when you were Boyes: You were pretty Lordings then?

Pol. We were (faire Queene)

Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind, But such a day to morrow, as to day, And to be Boy eternall.

Her. Was not my Lord

The veryer Wag o'th' two?

Pol. We were as twyn'd Lambs, that did frisk i'th' Sun, And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd, Was Innocence, for Innocence: we knew not The Doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd That any did: Had we pursu'd that life, And our weake Spirits ne're been higher rear'd Wit h stronger blood, we should haue answer'd Heauen Boldly, not guilty: the Imposition clear'd, Hereditarie ours.

Her. By this we gather You haue tript since.

Pol. O my most sacred Lady, Temptations haue since then been borne to's: for In those vnstedg'd dayes, was my Wife a Girle; Your precious selfe had then not cross'd the eyes Of my young Play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot:

Of this make no conclusion, least you say Your Queene and I are Devils: yet goe on, Th'offences we haue made you doe, wee'le answer, If you first sinn'd with vs: and that with vs You did continue fault; and that you slept not With any, but with vs.

Leo. Is he wooon yet?

Her. Hee'le stay (my Lord.)

Leo. At my request, he would not:

Hermione (my dearest) thou neuer spoak'st To better purpose.

Her. Neuer?

Leo. Neuer, but once.

Her. What? haue I twice said well? when was't before? I prechee tell me: cram's with prayle, and make's As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tonguelesse, Slaughters a thousand, wayting vpon that. Our prayles are our Wages. You may ride's With one soft Kisse a thousand Furlongs, ere With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th' Goale:

My last good deed, was to entreat his stay. What was my first? it ha's an elder Sister, Or I mistake you: O, would her Name were Grace, But once before I spoke to th' purpose? when? Nay, let me haue't: I long.

Leo. Why, that was when Three crabbed Moneths had sower'd themselves to death, Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand: A clap thy selfe, my Loue; then didst thou vter, I am yours for euer.

Her. 'Tis Grace indeed. Why lo-you now; I haue spoke to th' purpose twice: The one, for euer earn'd a Royall Husband; Th' other, for some while a Friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot: To mingle friendship farre, is mingling bloods. I haue Tremor Cordis on me: my heart daunces, But not for ioy; not ioy. This Entertainment May a free face put on: deriue a Libertie From Heartincusse, from Bountie, fertile Bosome, And well become the Agent: t'may; I graunt: But to be padding Palmes, and pinching Fingers, As now they are, and making practis'd Smiles As in a Looking-Glasse; and then to sigh, as 'twere The Mort o'th' Deere: oh, that is entertainment My Bosome likes not, nor my Browes. Mamilissa, Art thou my Boy?

Mam. I, my good Lord.

Leo. I'flocks:

Why that's my Bawcock: what has't smutch'd thy Nose? They say it is a Cobby out of mine. Come Capitaine, We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, Capraine: And yet the Steere, the Heycfer, and the Calfe, Are all call'd Neat. Still Virginalling Vpon his Palme? How now (you wanton Calfe) Art thou my Calfe?

Mam. Yes, if you will (my Lord.)

Leo. Thou want'st a rough path, & the shoots that I haue To be full, like me: yet they say we are Almost as like as Egges; Women say so, (That will say any thing.) But were they false As o're-dy'd Blacks, as Wind, as Waters; false As Dice ate to be wish'd, by one that fixes No borne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true, To say this Boy were like me. Come (Sir Page) Looke on me with your Welkin eye: sweet Villaine, Most dear'st, my Collop: Can thy Dam, may't be Affection? thy Intention stabs the Center. Thou do'st make possible things not so held, Communicat' it with Dreames (how can this be?) With what's vnreall: thou coactiue art, And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent, Thou may'st co-ioyne with something, and thou do'st, (And that beyond Commission) and I find it, (And that to the infection of my Braines, And hardning of my Browes.)

Pol. What meanes Sicilia?

Her. He something seemes vnfectid.

Pol. How? my Lord?

Leo. What cheere? how is't with you, best Brother?

Her. You look as if you held a Brow of much distraction.

Are you mou'd (my Lord)?

Leo. No, in good earnest.

How sometimes Nature will betray it's folly? It's tendernes? and make it selfe a Pastime To harder bosomes? Looking on the Lynes

Of my Boyes face, me thought I did requoyle Twentie three yeeres, and saw my selfe vn-breech'd, In my Greene Veluet Coat; my Dagger muzzel'd, Least it should bite it's Master, and to proue (As Ornaments oft do's) too dangerous: How like (me thought) I then was to this Kernell, This Squash, this Gentleman. Mine honest Friend, Will you take Egges for Money?

Mam. No (my Lord) Ile fight.

Leo. You will: why happy man be's dole. My Brother Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we Doe seeme to be of ours?

Pol. If at home (Sir)

He's all my Exercise, my Mirth, my Matter; Now my (worne) Friend, and then mine Enemy; My Parasite, my Souldier: State-man; all: He makes a Iulys day, short as December, And with his varying child-nesse, cures in me Thoughts, that would thicke my blood.

Leo. So stands this Squire

Offic'd with me: We two will walke (my Lord) And leave you to your grauer Reps. Hermione, How thou lou'st vs, shew in our Brothers welcome; Let what is deare in Sicily, be cheape: Next to thy selfe, and my young Rouer, he's Apparant to my heart.

Her. If you would seeke vs,

We are yours i'th' Garden: shall's attend you there?

Leo. To your owne bents dispoise you: you'le be found, Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling now, (Though you perceiue me not how I giue Lynes) Goe too, goe too.

How she holds vp the Neb? the Byll to him?

And armes her with the boldnesse of a Wife To her allowing Husband. Gone already, Ynch-thick knee-deepe; ore head and eares a fork'd one. Goe play (Boy) play: thy Mother plays, and I Play too; but to disgrace a part, whose issue Will hille me to my Graue; Contempt and Clamor Will be my Knell. Goe play (Boy) play, there haue been (Or I am much decei'd) Cuckolds ere now,

And many a man there is (euen at this present, Now, while I speake this) holds his Wife by th' Arme, That little thinks she ha's been slay'd in his absence, And his Pond fil'd by his next Neighbor (by Sir Smile, his Neighbor: nay, there's comfort in't, Whiles other men haue Gates, and those Gates open'd (As mine) against their will. Should all despaire That haue reuolted Wiues, the tenth of Mankind Would hang themselves. Physick for't, there's none: It is a bawdy Planet, that will strike Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powrefull: thinke it: From East, West, North, and South, be it concluded, No Barricado for a Belly. Know't, It will lee in and out the Enemy, With bag and baggage: many thousand on's Haue the Disease, and feele't not. How now Boy?

Mam. I am like you say.

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.

What? Camille there?

Cam. I, my good Lord.

Leo. Goe play (Mamilissa) thou'rt an honest man: Camille, this great Sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much adoe to make his Anchor hold, When you cast out, it still came home.

Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your Petitions, made His Businesse more materiall.

Leo. Didst perceiue it?

They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding: Sicilia is a so-forth: 'tis farre gone, When I shall gust it last. How cam't (Camille) That he did stay?

Cam. At the good Queenes entreatie.

Leo. At the Queenes be't: Good should be pertinent, But so it is, it is not. Was this taken By any vnderstanding Pate but thine?

For thy Conceit is soaking, will draw in More then the common Blocks. Not noted, is't, But of the finer Natures? by some Seueralls Of Head-peece extraordinary? Lower Messes Perchance are to this Businesse purblind? say.

Cam. Businesse, my Lord? I thinke most vnderstand Bohemia staves here longer.

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Staves here longer.

Leo. I, but why?

Cam. To satisfie your Highnesse, and the Entreaties Of our most gracious Mistresse.

Leo. Satisfie?

Th'entreaties of your Mistresse? Satisfie?

Let that suffice. I haue trusted thee (Camille) With all the neereft things to my heart, as well My Chamber-Councils, wherein (Priest-like) thou Hast cleans'd my Bosome: I, from thee departed Thy Penitent reform'd: but we haue been Decei'd in thy Integritie, decei'd In that which seemes so.

Cam. Be it forbid (my Lord.)

Leo. To bide vpon't: thou art not honest: or If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a Coward, Which boxes honestie behind, restraining From Course requir'd: or else thou must be counted A Seruant, grafted in my serious Trust, And therein negligent: or else a Foole, That seest a Game play'd home, the rich Stake drawne, And tak't it all for least.

Cam. My gracious Lord,

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearefull, In euery one of these, no man is free, But that his negligence, his folly, feare, Among the infinite doings of the World, Sometime puts forth in your affaires (my Lord.) If euer I were wilfull-negligent, It was my folly: if induttriously I play'd the Foole, it was my negligence, Not weighing well the end: if euer fearefull To doe a thing, where I the issue doubted, Whereof the execution did cry out Against the non-performance, 'twas a feare Which oft infects the wisest: these (my Lord) Are such allow'd Infirmities, that honestie Is neuer free of. But beseech your Grace Be plainer with me, let me know my Trespas By it's owne visage; if I then deny it, 'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha' not you seene Camille?

(But that's past doubt: you haue, or your eye-glasse Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horne) or heard? (For to a Vision so apparant, Rumor Cannot be mute) or thought? (for Cogitation Refides not in that man, that do's not thinke)

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